

THE CANADIAN ARENA

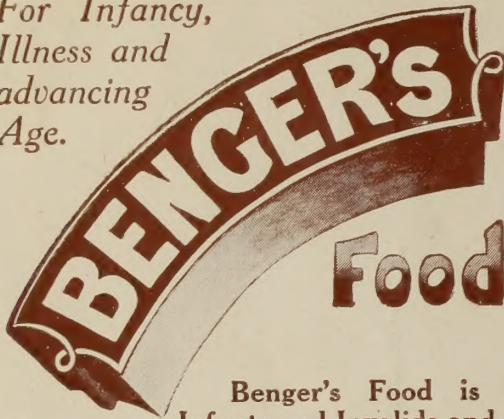


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Vol. II., No. 4, 1909

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"AN EASTER PROPOSITION."

The Canadian Arena

OF
Society,
Art, Literature and Sport

VOL. 2

TORONTO, APRIL, 1909

No. 4

EDITORIAL

OUR CHANGE OF NAME.

Since the *Elite Monthly* last appeared in your homes, we have decided that the paper could be made to serve a broader purpose and be of even greater interest to its readers than heretofore. As the winter relaxes its grasp slowly and the air begins to hold a little of the balm and exhilarating freshness of spring, we realize that our interests and diversions must likewise undergo a change. The soft showers, the budding trees, the song of birds, the thrilling pulsation of the blood in our own veins, all call to the open. The crowded theatre or concert hall, the stuffy drawing-room, the enervating dancing salon, lose their attraction. In fact they grow utterly repellant. Our yearnings are for the scent of the pine-woods, the rhythmic break of the waters, the glad sunshine of the day and the starry stillness of the night.

Canadians have been given an opportunity, equal, perhaps, to that of any people on earth, of appreciating this out-door wealth of the summer. Our extensive lakes, our majestic rivers, our marred, but not depleted, forests, our rolling prairies, our mighty, towering mountains form an unequalled national playground. Nor, too, has kind Nature failed to endow us with a love of appropriate out-door pastimes. We have had reason to be proud of our runners, our oarsmen, our athletes of every mould.

Now, as this monthly aims at being a mirror of our national life, we wish to reflect in its pages as much of this glad spirit of the summer as is possible. We are opening our columns to a treatment of all forms of legitimate and manly athletics. It may have been noticed that we have already paid some attention to automobiling and military affairs. But it is our purpose to broaden this department. We wish and intend to include a notice of the many other forms of our higher sporting life. In view of this fact, we have thought that our paper would more appropriately be called the *Arena* than the *Elite*. We feel confident that with its new name and broadened purpose, the monthly will be a more welcome visitor in your homes and command your even more liberal support.

CANADA AND THE EMPIRE.

It is somewhat perplexing for the lay mind to have to contemplate the prospects of war in the near future between Germany and Great Britain. It is difficult to reconcile the idea of a tremendous conflict such as would undoubtedly follow, between these mighty powers with the thoughts and hopes of a more peaceful future that have of late years been dangled before the eyes of Europe. What an amazingly small thing our boasted Christian civilization is after all, if, without any adequate cause, but merely to maintain or win a position of pre-eminence, these countries are willing to plunge the continent into a war that would probably prove as cruel, as relentless, as stubborn, as generally disastrous as any recorded by the pages of history. What earthly significance can all of these fraternizings, these tete-a-tetes between our respective monarchs have if, at the next breath, we are to be informed that the two nations are to fly at each other's throats with no better reason than that of two schoolboys whose only desire is to settle the pugilistic supremacy of the school-yard? And yet the widespread rumors of wars, the speculations as to the form the engagement may take, the extensive preparations that are being made on every hand, would seem to indicate that we are facing something more than a mere battle on paper.

The only pleasing feature of the whole bellicose situation to the colonial mind is the contrast offered by the attitude of the British colonies to that which would have prevailed, and did prevail, about a century ago. As the great London Thunderer put it, it must be a matter of congratulation and thrilling pride to British hearts in every quarter of the globe to see the gathering of the cubs about the lion in the hour of imminent danger. Great Britain has no longer even to ask for a tardy contribution to her war support, to say nothing of having that contribution refused.

But again, as the *Times* pointed out, it is a matter for debate as to what form that contribution should take. The British daily hinted that the mother coun-

try felt herself perfectly competent to handle the situation in her own seas. And it would seem that Canada might better initiate a policy of efficient self-defence at the present moment than make some isolated offer of aid to the mother country. If we must regard preparation for war as the best preservative of peace, why should not this country build a small fleet of vessels in the course of time and feel at last the full grown son able to look after his personal safety and welfare with a set of sufficiently hard knuckles? The possession of such a fleet would not preclude the possibility of its being despatched to the aid of the home-land if the mother country should so desire. The objection has been raised that the establishment of permanent military and naval forces involves the expenditure of vast sums of money on a set of men who live in comparative idleness. But it would be about as rational to complain of taxes for the maintenance of a police force because the men are not always busy in quelling riots or in making arrests, or to cry out on the payment of firemen because these latter do not spend their whole time in extinguishing conflagrations. No, if as events seem to indicate, we are still far removed from a millenium, if we can maintain our national self-respect only through the possession of efficient defensive forces, even though these forces should occasion a great outlay of money, let us spend the money, boom the business of our factories, give a large portion of our population an honorable employment in their country's service, and feel that we are not mere children but grown sons doing our utmost to bear our share of the burden of supporting our imperial home.

* * * * *

OUR MEN'S CLUBS.

We have often wondered whether our impression were erroneous that the average work-a-day Englishman was a much better informed man and a far more intelligent and pleasing conversationalist on everyday topics than his Canadian kinsman. It has seemed to us that the Englishman possesses a broader and firmer grasp of affairs than his compatriot. We do not refer to the greater issues of national life alone, to finance, social problems, and affairs of diplomacy, but we have in mind a knowledge of, and interest in, those less material aspects of our civilization, literature, music, and art, in its various forms and degrees. We have sometimes felt a tinge of shame at the apparent paucity of ideas and words of the ordinary Canadian when these subjects are under discussion. In contrast, we have in mind an English friend, who, after a day of hard toil in a down-town factory, finds his evening relaxation in the study of the great musical master-pieces. The man shuts himself up in his not over-commodious or over-furnished den, and there, with the aid of a piano purchased from weekly savings, forgets the cares of business in study of the best that the world's musicians have as yet produced. No silly, insipid rag-time here! No hammering and thumping of clap-traps! Such stuff could not gain access to the room, let alone any consideration from its owner. This same mechanic is an

intelligent reader of the world's politics. He converses with facility on the great issues of religion before the public mind. He keeps himself informed of the later movements of science and literature. In fact, he is a generally well-read man, working nine hours a day at a most laborious task, but, when the day's work is completed, capable of taking his place with credit in the company of the most refined. We believe, too, that he is only typical.

Now, if this be true, and we believe it is, why should there be this very apparent difference between the Englishman and Canadian of equal social rank? It will not do for us to defend ourselves on the ground that we are a new nation and hence given over mainly and rightly to the more material phases of life. We have passed the pioneer stage of development in Eastern Canada. We have amassed already considerable wealth and our exhaustless natural resources are momentarily filling our coffers with more. Canadian homes are furnished even with luxury. We are spending vast sums on our educational system and have succeeded in making this fairly perfect. In fact, we believe that the Canadian of humble position has even the advantage over the Englishman of similar state. Then why all this pettiness, this frippery, this clap-trap, this rag-time in our national life? How can our everyday intercourse be raised to a somewhat higher standard of culture?

We believe that our social functions are too frequently of a shallow and uninspiring kind. To think of the endless procession of euchres, bridges, and somewhat flat, if not positively silly, receptions! And our theatres! What a mélange of melodrama, vulgarity, and tinsel, with here and there, a sprinkling of the meritorious! How narrow, too, our political clubs! Too often they degenerate into the mere tools of unscrupulous ward politicians, without the slightest attempt to develop citizens of broad outlook and integrity of aims.

We do not wish to be pessimistic. We grasp eagerly at any more promising signs in our national life. We refer with pride to the number and merit of the great musical organizations springing up in our midst. We regard with pleasure the success of the Mendelssohns, both for its own sake, and far more because of the hopeful significance for our social existence. The spread of Canadian Clubs, the formation of university alumni associations, the extension lecture system, the improvement in the conditions of rural life are all fortunate omens. Others might be mentioned.

But we have in mind a special feature of Canadian life in which we think an advance might be made. In our crowded cities, where thousands of men, young and old, are nightly seeking for some form of entertainment, not amusement, is such to be found? We have theatres, saloons, pool-rooms, overflowing with patrons. We have political clubs, but generally of a selfish nature. We have church organizations, but of a denominational character. We have social clubs, but of aristocratic status. We have no clubs that can be patronized by the man of moderate means. It is not our purpose to advocate the establishment of institutions with well-stocked bars, from which men

might nightly be sent home in a more or less inebriated condition. We should organize a club that could be patronized and enjoyed by men of limited incomes. It would be free from all political, business, or denominational church connection. It would be simply a gathering place for business and professional men of various walks in life, who might here exchange views on all matters of private and public interest. Such an institution would get a man out of his own narrow rut. It would give him a more living interest in the world about him. It would lead him to regard more intelligently and sympathetically his neighbor's position. It would tend to give Canada a brighter, broader, stronger type of manhood than she at present possesses.

* * * * *

INTO DARKEST AFRICA.

Mr. Roosevelt, has at last left the stage of the world and entered the wilds of Central Africa for a further strenuous existence, as a rest from the cares of the office which he filled so ably. For several years he has controlled the affairs of a great nation with masterful hand, and has shown energy and capacity in so many directions that he shares with the German Emperor the reputation of being the most energetic of rulers. As with his Teutonic prototype, nothing has been too insignificant or too vast to engage his efforts. From the reform of English spelling to the Panama Canal and a treaty of peace between Russia and Japan, he has moved with all the assurance of genius. And only once has he had to confess himself utterly routed, and that by the English language, which, with the obstinacy of the race, showed itself more obdurate than the Isthmus of Panama, and the martial instincts of Russians and Japanese. This attack on the inherited vagaries of our mother-tongue, so far from alienating our sympathies, served only to strength Mr. Roosevelt's hold on British affections, for, in common with the rest of humanity, we love best the critic who sees and repents the error of his way.

Two qualities, apart from his devastating energy, have won for Mr. Roosevelt a niche in the universal temple of fame by the side of his countrymen Washington, Lincoln, and Grant. He possesses, in the first place, the inestimable gift of imagination which gives to the statesman foresight and sympathy. Without these is statecraft not only blind, but impotent for good. And to these endowments of nature is joined in the person of Mr. Roosevelt the courage without which they would be useless. His whole career has been marked by courage, whether in achievement or in choice of his adversaries. For he is no Don Quixote tilting against windmills; but Great Heart of the fearless and impartial sword. It is natural that his countrymen, who conceal inherent conservatism under democratic guises, should take two views of his character. The one denounces him as a loud-voiced demagogue who aspired to be absolute monarch; while the other, seeing only his aim and intention, gives him sympathy and praise. History must judge between them, yet one thing is sure—since the days of Lincoln no President of the Unit-

ed States has approached so near to personal rule as Mr. Roosevelt.

He carries with him the well wishes of all true Canadians for an enjoyable holiday and a "big bag."

* * * * *

Good Friday and the hot cross bun will be upon us before we know where we are. To many of us Bank Holiday is no good whatsoever. Many a man does nothing with it, except smoke a pipe, fool about the garden, and do a private bit of what Mr. Charles Coburn calls the "counting-house work." The fact is the mobs of people we see wandering about on such occasions are for the most part young folk who have saved their money for the day and are resolved to get rid of it. It is astonishing how a little accumulated temporary riches burn a hole in the pocket of the average Canadian who, having like Talbot Champneys, made up his mind to "get it" will "get it" and get rid of the bills, come what may. On the whole, however, Bank Holidays are getting far more sensible than they used to be. You have only to go through the streets of Toronto at night and you will see crowded pool-rooms with persons in their shirt sleeves, struggling laboriously under the gas-light, and spending their spare coin in fifties and hundreds up. I am not an acute player, but having seen the game for many years, I can never understand why a hundred is always "up." If some enterprising person would just play a hundred "down" by way of a novelty, I should then no doubt understand the other side of the game which, up to the present, has totally eluded me.



"GOOD NIGHT."

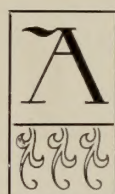


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"Society is like a lawn where every roughness is smoothed, every bramble eradicated, and where the eye is delighted by the smiling verdure of a velvet surface."—Washington Irving.

Mrs. Alex. Ireland gave a dinner and jolly dance for the young set at the Hunt Club recently, when the guests were taken out by coach with four white horses. The table decorations were pink and white tulips. The guests were the Misses Hagarty, Brough, Jarvis, Harman, Lemesurier, Cayley, Ireland, and Messrs. Harry Gruffe, M. Taylor, Greer, Houston, Parton, Walker, Bogert, Baldwin, Magee and McLaren.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerard Heintzman and Miss Cornelia Heintzman have left for Europe, where they will remain all summer.

At one of the most enjoyable dinners at Government House the following gentlemen were invited: Hon. Mr. Justice Clute, Hon. Mr. Justice Hodgins, Mr. J. W. Langmuir, Prof. Ramsay Wright, Mr. George Dickson, Mr. H. W. Anden (Principal of Upper Canada College), Rev. D. Bruce Macdonald, Rev. T. Brown, Mr. A. W. Campbell, Mr. C. C. James, Mr. A. F. Rutter, Mr. Peter Ryan, Dr. C. H. Hodgetts, Mr. J. Howard Hunter, K.C.; Dr. Charles O'Reilly, Major J. F. Macdonald, besides several members of the Legislature.

The lecture by Lady Dorothy Smyly, at St. Luke's school house, on a "Nurse's Experience in the Boer War," attracted a large audience. Lady Dorothy wore her uniform of grey and red with a quaint coif. She has a strong individuality, and gave a brilliant account of the leading events of the war in a voice clear and musical. Many participants in the war were present and received her stories with much applause. A huge bouquet of violets, tied in red, white and blue, was given the speaker by "one who was with you at Bloomfontein."

The marriage of Shirley Emily Scholes to Mr. James Whitney Wilson will take place during Easter week.

Mr. Lissant Beardmore, the Canadian tenor, is going abroad in May. Mrs. Beardmore will spend the summer with her people in Quebec.

Some days ago an enthusiastic meeting of British-born women was held in New York upon the invitation of Mrs. Nordheimer of this city, to discuss matters relating to the Imperial Daughters of the Empire and to form a Branch in New York. With the permission of His Majesty the New York Chapter is to be called the "King Edward VII Chapter," its object being for "intellectual intercourse, fellowship and philanthropy," as well as to give friendly welcome to British strangers in New York.

A SONG OF EMPIRE.

"One with Britain, heart and soul,
One Life, one Flag, one Throne."

In the fair golden North, where the Three Seas
shocks meet

On the age-hammered ribs of the world,
And the Snow-Queen's chill kiss and the Storm-
King's white beat

By the south-blown Chinook back are whirled,
Where the grey hills, calm woods, furrowed plains,
laughing streams

Lift their hymns to the canopied blue,
Smiles the land of our love and our hope and our
dreams.

O dear land, here we pledge thee anew!

CHORUS.

All together, Hurrah! Undivided we stand
For the Flag and the World-Empire Throne,
In the League of the Sons of the Blood here's a
hand,
And an arm when the bugles are blown!

Steadfast, fixed as their Star, stand the Northland's
stout sons,

In one aim, old-time feuds reconciled;
For the blood of the Mother of Nationhood runs
Thro' the veins of the Nations' last child.
As the might of the Seas is the grip of their hand,
But the iron of its rocks in their frown;
As ye will ye may have from the men of the Land—
Choose, and God the arbitrament crown!

CHORUS.

And the triple-fold Cross of the White, Blue and Red,
Is the sign of the Sons of the Blood;
'Gainst it foes weakly stand, 'neath it heroes have
bled

On the torn field and dark sanguined flood.
And the sweep of its march is the tramp of a host,
And their song as the sound of the Sea,
As they cheer and acclaim it their charter and
boast,

And the standard of Empire to be!

CHORUS.

From hearts, homes, Labor's matins and evensongs
rise

With the swell of their world-mart's far hum,
And defence, not defiance, the burden that flies
In the tang of their world-rolling drum.
What we have we will hold to the last shattered
breach—

Pledge ye now to the Blood Brotherhood;
Our Imperial Birthright; the Flag and the Speech
And the Rule of the Sons of the Blood!

SOLDIERING IN CANADA

THE WAR OF 1812-14

LIEUT.-COL. G. T. DENISON

My earliest recollections of the Canadian militia are of the numerous conversations upon the subject that I was accustomed to overhear as a child at my grandfather's, as well as at my own home. My maternal grandfather, Major Dewson, served in the Waterloo campaign, and afterwards in the rebellion of 1837-8. My paternal grandfather was an ensign in the York Flank companies during the war of 1812, and commanded his troop of cavalry in the Rebellion of 1837. My father and his brother had also served in the rebellion. Almost all the old friends of the family had been engaged in one or other of these campaigns, and when they met, events were often recalled, anecdotes retold, and the conduct of the campaign freely criticized and discussed.

At this time, say fifty years ago, the first telegraph lines were being put up, there were no railways, steam vessels had only recently been getting into use for crossing the Atlantic, and news came from abroad slowly and irregularly—consequently conversation was much more confined to matters of local interest than it is to-day when we read every morning in our papers the news of what has occurred all over the world the day before.

The clearest impression left on my mind from the discussions to which I delighted to listen, was the remarkable respect and esteem felt by all the old veterans of the War of 1812 for their favorite leader, General Brock. They seemed to revere his memory and were most enthusiastic in their praises of his firmness, ability and fearless courage. Although he was killed in the first battle, they attributed to him the success of the war and the freedom of Canada.

What especially endeared him to the memory of these old loyalists was the fearless and defiant way in which he maintained his confidence in the face of enormous odds, and what was worst of all, internal intrigue and treachery. The action that particularly pleased them was his bold move in proroguing the House of Assembly, and declaring martial law, in order to arrest and banish the traitors who were spreading doubt and hesitation among the people. This bold and defiant step, in the face of an invading army in the country, and others threatening at other points, gave confidence to the militia, who, on his appeal to them to follow him in defence of the Province, responded at once with the utmost enthusiasm. Brock set off the next day, August 6th, for Sandwich, where 2,500 of the enemy under General Hull, had invaded the Province. He took with him 200 of the York (or Toronto) militia, and went to Amherstburg, where, with a force of 330 regulars, 400 militia and 600 Indians under Chief Tecumseh, in all 1,330 men, he marched upon Detroit, where the enemy had recrossed the river and had taken their stand, and succeeded in capturing General Hull with his whole force and a large quantity of arms and supplies, of which he was in great need. This surrender took place on August 16th, 1812. The capture of Detroit was electrical in

its effect, it inspired the loyal, confirmed the loyalty of the wavering and completely cowed the disloyal, many of whom received short notice to leave the country.

General Brock's death at Queenston Heights on October 13th, 1812, while gallantly leading his men, appealed vividly to the sympathy and affection of his followers and the inhabitants generally. My grandmother, Esther Borden Lippincott, was the only child of Captain Richard Lippincott of the New Jersey volunteers. Captain Lippincott had fought during the American Revolution as a United Empire Loyalist, and his daughter was inspired with that patriotic semi-religious type of loyalty which distinguished all that class. "Fear God, Honour the King" was the doctrine of their faith, for their simple piety was as marked as their loyalty.

In 1812 my grandmother was twenty-one years of age, but had been married several years, and had two young children. She was living in a lonely clearance in the forest a few miles from Toronto, and in the then unsettled condition of the country was unable to get servants. My grandfather was on the frontier with the York volunteers, and had been able, with much difficulty, to get a boy of eleven years of age to do the work and aid and assist his wife. It was a lonely life for a young well educated girl, with her infants, and alarming at times, for on one occasion in the winter the wolves gathered around the house and looked into the windows, so that she had to sit up all night to replenish the open air to frighten them from break-in through the glass.

My grandfather was often employed on special service and had to ride a good deal through the country. I have heard him say that he has ridden all day long during the winter without seeing one able-bodied man, the women, children, and very old men alone being seen working in the fields. The men were all with the army. With a people animated with this spirit we can understand how a population of 70,000 in Upper Canada, with the assistance of a small British force, were able to preserve their freedom against the assaults of a nation of 8,000,000, which, during the war, called out under arms no less than 576,622 men.

While Brock's name stands out above all as the great national hero of Canada, there were some other British officers who gained the admiration and esteem of the Canadians. Sir John Harvey, the hero of Stoney Creek; Fitzgibbon, the victor of Beaver Dams; Drummond, who conquered at Lundy's Lane, and Morrison, who commanded at Chrysler's Farm, all live in the memories and affections of our people. So, also, with De Salaberry and Colonel George Macdonell.

Two Imperial officers left behind them tarnished names, which no attempts, on the part of their apologists, have had the slightest effect in vindicating. One was Sir George Prevost, the Commander-in-Chief, who seems to have been a muddler and blunderer of the

worst kind. He was an embarrassment to Brock from the beginning. He arranged an armistice after the capture of Detroit, which was a great injury to our interests and an immense advantage to the enemy. He endeavoured to fetter Col. George Macdonell at Ogdensburg, and when the latter exceeded his instructions and captured that place with its cannon and stores, and destroyed its supplies, paralyzing thereby an invasion by the enemy, he reported the brilliant success as having been the result of his orders, when really it was in spite of them. At Sackett's Harbour he retreated after his men had practically won the day, turning a victory into a defeat. The same thing exactly occurred at Plattsburg where with some 16,000 of Wellington's veterans, fresh from the Peninsular War, he suffered the most shameful defeat that our arms met with. He had there the largest and finest and best equipped army that has ever been concentrated in Canada, and he once more ordered a retreat when the men had virtually won a victory. He was ordered home to be tried by court-martial for this, but died before the trial came off. General Proctor was another officer who left an unsatisfactory reputation in Canada on account of his conduct at Moraviantown, where the celebrated Indian chief Tecumseh was killed.

The officers of the war, who were the old men when I was a child, all agreed in these estimates of the various generals. They could never praise Brock enough, and their eyes would flash with anger when speaking of either Prevost or Proctor. Tecumseh was always spoken of in terms of the highest admiration by these men who had known him and had served with him.

Some Imperial officers did not have the tact or ability to handle properly the militia men who, during the war, were constantly under their command, and considerable ill-feeling was caused by the harshness of some of them. I remember well one anecdote. At the York garrison, at one time during the war, a number of militia and regulars were quartered together under an army colonel who made himself very obnoxious to the militiamen. One evening he was driving down to Government House to a dinner in full uniform, in a sleigh, during a thaw, when there were many deep puddles in the road, which, at that time, ran for a part of the way through the woods; when the colonel, with his servant driving him, arrived opposite the worst puddle, one man stepped out from the woods and seized the horse's bridle, another cut the horse loose from the sleigh, while three others seized the sleigh by the side and overturned it on top of the colonel and his servant in the mud hole. The horse received a slash with a whip or stick which sent it galloping off in one direction, while the five militiamen ran off in another. They were never discovered, and the martinet lost his dinner and had a ruined uniform to remind him of the mistake of being too disagreeable.

As a rule the two services worked well together, although there was naturally a little rivalry, as there will be even between regiments.

My grandfather often spoke of his once being sent with a large sum of money, about \$40,000, from York around to the army headquarters in the Niagara

frontier. He was approaching St. David's when a dragoon came galloping towards him at full speed. When he came near he said: "Are you the officer from York with a large sum of money?" Not knowing his object, my grandfather at first denied it, when the man said: "St. David is captured, the enemy are coming this way and I have been sent to warn him to go back to York." Two more dragoons came in sight, chased by a party of the enemy's cavalry. My grandfather turned and galloped away, and was chased several miles, escaping with great difficulty.

On another occasion he was sent to Kingston to bring up to York a flotilla of bateaux, or open boats, filled with supplies for the army. The enemy's fleet, for the time, had control of the lake, and it was necessary to creep up along the shore to avoid capture. One morning, at daybreak, the enemy's war vessels were seen in the distance approaching; the boats were hurried to where a small stream entered the lake. A bridge crossed the stream at the mouth. This was soon cut away, and the bateaux all worked up the stream out of sight, and so they escaped. I remembered hearing this story several times. A few years ago Dr. William Chewett, grandson of Colonel Chewett, who commanded the York militia regiment in which my grandfather served, sent me some reports of court-martials in which he was mentioned, and his evidence in one of them gave the account of his having been engaged on this expedition.

When York was captured in April, 1813, my grandfather was sent with a party of men to burn the ships on the stocks, and to set fire to a frigate which lay in the harbour. He succeeded in destroying the two ships on the stocks, but when he came to the frigate, the officer of the Royal Navy in command raised some technical objection, and the discussion was so heated and prolonged that the vessel and all on board were captured, and so my grandfather was a prisoner for about six months. The naval officer was not exchanged, as his conduct was severely censured by the authorities.

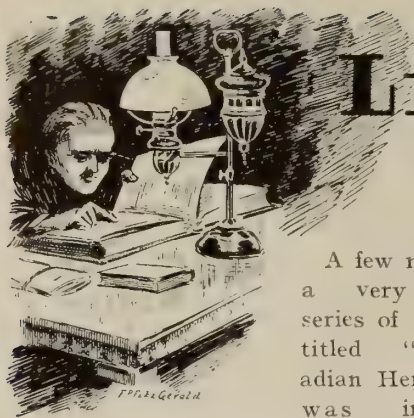
The war ended with the year 1814, the last and most deadly battle being fought at Lundy's Lane on July 25th of that year, where our troops won a victory which practically put a stop to further invasions of our territory. The Canadian Parliament, in the year 1895, erected a fine monument at Lundy's Lane in honour of this victory, and the Government did me the honour to depute me, on their behalf, to unveil it,—which I did on the anniversary of the battle that year.

When the treaty of peace was signed we had succeeded in holding every foot of our soil. The recollections of the glorious victories won by our fathers in these campaigns will continually be handed down by tradition, and in case of future trouble be an inspiration and encouragement to our people.

THE NECESSARY.

"Oh, doctor," exclaimed the nervous young wife, as the eminent surgeon entered the sick-room, "if an operation is necessary we want you to operate immediately. Expense is no object at all."

"We will operate at once," replied the eminent surgeon, without looking at the patient.



Literary Notes

"Our high respect for a well read man is praise enough for literature."—Emerson

A few months ago a very successful series of books entitled "The Canadian Hero Series" was inaugurated with the publication of the initial volume, "The Story of Isaac Brock," by Walter R. Nursey. This book has been very well received by teachers and public men, and the next volume, to be called "Tecumseh," is being looked for with interest by the general public. Following up this series on Canadian heroes, the publishers thought it well to issue a volume dealing with Canadian heroines, and this is to be published shortly under the title of "Heroines of Canadian History." The author is Mr. W. S. Herrington, of Napanee, Ontario. This volume promises to be a very interesting work as it contains interesting accounts of all the leading heroines in Canadian history. William Briggs is to be congratulated for his enterprise in bringing out a book of this nature.

Now that the Imperial spirit is prevalent, and patriotism is in the air, we find an announcement from a Canadian publisher of a book to be entitled "The Empire Birthday Book." This is being compiled by Miss Mabel Clint, of Montreal. The idea is a very happy one, and this birthday book will no doubt be much sought after. The book will be fashioned after the ordinary birthday book but will contain patriotic verse from the patriotic empire poets for each day in the year.

A number of histories have been written, and many volumes of travel dealing with the Indians of the great North-West. Mrs. Paget, of Ottawa, is the latest author in the field with a book dealing with the Indians. It is now under way, and will probably be published within a few months, and it is to be entitled "The Indians of the Western Plains." The extraordinary demand for books on the Canadian north lands and on the Great West seems to indicate a growing interest on the part of the people of Canada, and of the United States and Great Britain in this part of our country.

Educational questions are demanding more and more the attention of the keenest intellects, and we are pleased to note the issue of a new volume along educational lines, but somewhat out of the ordinary vein which is entitled "Your Boy: His Nature and Nurture." This book is written by Dr. A. D. Dickinson, of Port Hope, Ontario, and takes up the boy problem in every phase of the question. Doctor Dickinson has made a specialty of the studying of boys for a great number of years, and his book is one of the most unique on this subject which has ever been issued. Doctor Dickinson is an enthusiastic amateur photographer, and his ability to take good pictures

has stood him in good stead in the illustrating of his book. The volume contains a series of illustrations on every phase of boy life which will make the book a very interesting one to all interested in boys. This book will appeal particularly to parents, teachers, and doctors. Mr. J. J. Kelso, the Superintendent of the Department for Neglected Children for the Province of Ontario, is very much interested in the publication of this volume, and expects that there will be a very large demand for it. Mr. Kelso thinks the volume is well timed, and that it will meet a want long-felt for a book taking up the question as Dr. Dickinson has done.

The Provinces by the sea, lying on our eastern coast, have been noted in years past for the number of writers which they have produced, especially writers of verse. We find that the Province lying on the Pacific coast is now producing writers of no mean order, and a number of them are producing poetry which will live in Canadian literature. The latest poet from the West to publish a volume is Donald A. Fraser, of Victoria, B.C., whose book is entitled "Pearls and Pebbles": Poems. Mr. Fraser is a member of the famous "Wigwam Club" of Victoria, of which the Rev. A. E. Roberts is one of the members. There are three altogether in this Club, which is of a literary nature, the Club meeting as we understand it, once in a while to discuss and read the literary efforts of each of the members. By the way we hear that the literary strength of British Columbia is to be added to by the removal of Mrs. Isabel Ecclestone MacKay from Woodstock, Ont., to Vancouver, B.C. We understand that Mrs. MacKay has a book of fiction which she is working on and expects to publish next fall. Several years ago Mrs. MacKay published her first volume of poetry entitled "Between the Lights." Since then her work has been much sought after by the leading Canadian and American magazines.

Mr. Clifford Smith, the talented Montreal writer, whose drama, "Sword of Damocles," has been such a success, both on the American and Canadian stage, is putting on the market very shortly a book of short stories, which will probably be entitled "The Fencing-Master." This book contains some of his most famous short stories, all of which have appeared in the leading magazines of England and the United States. This volume will contain "The Mills of the Gods," "From Out of the Night," "Reveillon," "The Silence of the Plains," and some six other stories.

When one comes to look at the number of patriotic poems written by Canadians along the lines of Imperial unity, it is astonishing to note the unanimity with which our poets express the Imperial sentiment

which is at present sweeping over Canada. One of the most noted poems along this line is that by Samuel M. Baylis, of Montreal, which appeared in his book entitled "At the Sign of the Beaver," the



DR. A. D. WATSON.

poem being entitled "The Song of Empire." This poem was one of the ten selected from over 700 songs sent in for competition in the Montreal Witness, Canadian song competition of 1898. These songs were gone over by three of the most eminent Canadian literateurs with Lord Dufferin as final arbiter.

We think we cannot do better than give in full which we have done on page 95.

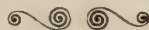
"The Red Mouse: A Mystery Romance," by William Hamilton Osborne, for clever development of splendid plot, and for ingenious expose of present day political, police, and building graft, is a literary cocktail to the tired and jaded reviewer of soufflé novels. A murder in a notorious New York gambling palace introduces the reader to the dissipated husband of an heiress, who is arrested and confesses to murdering the man who was his rival in the affections of a certain actress. The "prosecutor of the pleas" is a friend of the man and his wife, and is in love with his wife's intimate friend, who refuses him, although she loves him, because she tells him, he must be great—it is not enough to be honest—and that he lacks the qualities and ambition to make himself a Senator—a job he squares his jaw to win. The wife, with a hundred thousand dollars, tries to bribe him to free her husband. He refuses this but promises to save her husband if she will turn over all her money, which she does. It is a story of tremendous dramatic force and situations, and unique character development. In it a man is evolved from a dissipated rone; the police department is fumigated, as it were, if not reformed; and a man wins his goal because of a woman's criticism. The juggernaut qualities of the political machine are portrayed as only a lawyer could do it, for that is the author's profession. The dialogue is capital, and the book is so full of genuine surprises that it keeps your attention like a neck-and-neck horse race. There are some artistic colored illustrations. This is a story that will appeal to men.

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FOND MEMORY BRINGS



"LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS."

—Moore.

ART

"It is the treating of the commonplace with the feeling of the sublime that gives to Art its true power,"—Jean Francis Miller.

The members of the Canadian Art Club are to be heartily congratulated upon the success of their second annual exhibition which has just closed. The excellence of some of the work shown was a great surprise to the many who were fortunate enough to visit their gallery. On the opening night the large rooms were thronged with invited guests, who came with much eagerness to view the work of some of the best known Canadian artists. It is engrossing to watch the development of Art in Canada, the recent representative exhibit showing wonderful progress and individuality.

Perhaps the picture that attracted the most attention was a large canvas by Mr. Horatio Walker, who thirty years ago lived in Toronto, and even then was one of our leading Artists. His picture is entitled "Ploughing—The First Gleam," and consists of a double ox-team, heavily yoked, ascending a ridge of ground, at the first moment of sunrise; big hooved heavy beasts they are, white and red. The plough is heavy and primitive, the boy and man essentially of the soil. It is a powerful portrayal. The figures of driver and ploughman are vigorous and muscular, the whole strikingly suffused with "The First Gleam" of early sunrise. This is not a late work as it was shown in 1901 and 1904, winning a gold medal on both occasions, and is considered one of the great pictures of America. Another picture by the same artist is, "The Sty-Boy Feeding Pigs," also "Indian Summer—Shepherd and Sheep." The last scene is peaceful and tranquil, the boy who is guarding the herd leaning lazily against a leafless tree, his dog near by, the ground leaf strewn, the whole picture being a triumph in tonality, reflecting perfectly the haziness of our Indian summer.

Mr. Homer Watson of Doon, has several splendid pictures in the collection. Mr. Watson is a strong and individual artist with a wonderful knowledge of nature and capacity to depict it admirably. His themes are mostly Canadian landscape scenery. His "Nut Gatherers," a mass of grand looking nut trees is a most beautiful and dignified study. The foreground is log-strewn, on which are seated several figures, and shadowed beneath wide spreading branches with their copper colored foliage, while through an opening is shown a bright sunny landscape in the distance.

"Pioneers Crossing the River," by the same artist is a striking scene of woodland and river, and represents a caravan of wagons crossing a stream in the early evening, a bright glowing fire welcoming them on the other side. The farther side of the stream is thickly bordered with large trees with luxuriant foliage, nobly and thickly massed, Diaz-like in their sturdy naturalism.

Mr. Archibald Browne also exhibits splendid work. His "Mid-Summer Night," might be described as a poetic dream, so soft are its tones of purple and gold—a tranquil and peaceful summer night, the golden moon reflected in the motionless water lying silently in the foreground. "Slumbering Waters," a pool overhung by low-limbed willows, the sky blue and hazy, are two studies which give Mr. Browne a distinct individuality in the art of Canada.

Mr. W. Edwin Atkinson's "November" is a conspicuous canvas, showing a rolling piece of land, low shrubbery and a few slender almost leafless trees, depicting faithfully our dull November landscape.

"The Winnower," an attractive subject by Mr. Franklin Brownell of Ottawa, is the figure of an old man in a stable pouring unsifted grain from a basket.

"A Winter Stream," by Maurice Cullen, is a combination of pastel and water color. Ice and snow is everywhere, with a few tall evergreens reflected in the unfrozen stream.

The "Indian Pictures," by Edwin Morris and the water colors and bronzes by A. P. Proctor, as well as the etchings by Clarence Gagnon attracted a great deal of attention and favorable comment, as did those of Laura Muntz and James W. Morrice, the work of the latter having won great distinction in the art centres of Europe. Mr. John Russell's best canvas is perhaps the full length study of "Mother and Child." Another full length figure is that of the "Vaudeville Girl," by Mr. Curtis Williamson, a young lady of attractive appearance, in black hat and long red cloak.

On the whole this was voted to be the best collection of Canadian pictures ever exhibited in Toronto, which speaks well for the ambition and untiring energy of the Canadian Art Club.

On the closing day the large full figure painting of Mr. Justice Cassels, the work of Robert Harris, late President of the Royal Canadian Academy, was presented to Mrs. Walter Cassels by the Toronto Golf Club. The presentation was made by Col. Sweny and R. C. H. Cassels, on behalf of his mother, accepted the presentation in a few well chosen words.

On the closing day of the Canadian Art Club exhibit, the Women's Art Association opened their exhibit of Arts and handicrafts at their new galleries, Jarvis Street, the work consisting of paintings in oil and water color, also china, pottery, stencelling, homespun, etc. The opening night, as always, was a social event, the cozy gallery being crowded to its fullest capacity. The ladies were handsomely gowned and were still coming in groups even at ten o'clock, the first comers still lingering over the beautiful work so dear to feminine hearts.



Homer Watson.

PIONEERS CROSSING THE RIVER.

Several of the most beautiful pieces were a large jar with chrysanthemum design, a cream and sugar set in primroses and heavy gold; a complete tea service of the Royal Crown Derby coloring, and a vase in roses, being the work of Miss Brown, Miss Wynn, Mrs. Jackson and Mrs. Morson respectively. Miss Scott, Madame Rochereau de la Sablere, Miss Corcoran and others also exhibited small pieces around which people chatted in groups. The walls are covered with paintings, the work of Mrs. Dignam and other well known ladies. Then too the miniatures by Miss Drummond received much attention as did also the jewellery and other miscellaneous work.

The water colors of Mr. R. G. Goodman an artist well known here, recently exhibited at the Dowdeswell Galleries, London, have created quite a sensation amongst English artists. The subjects chosen are the picturesque lakes of England which the artist has succeeded in reproducing with delightful color and extraordinary skill in his brush work.

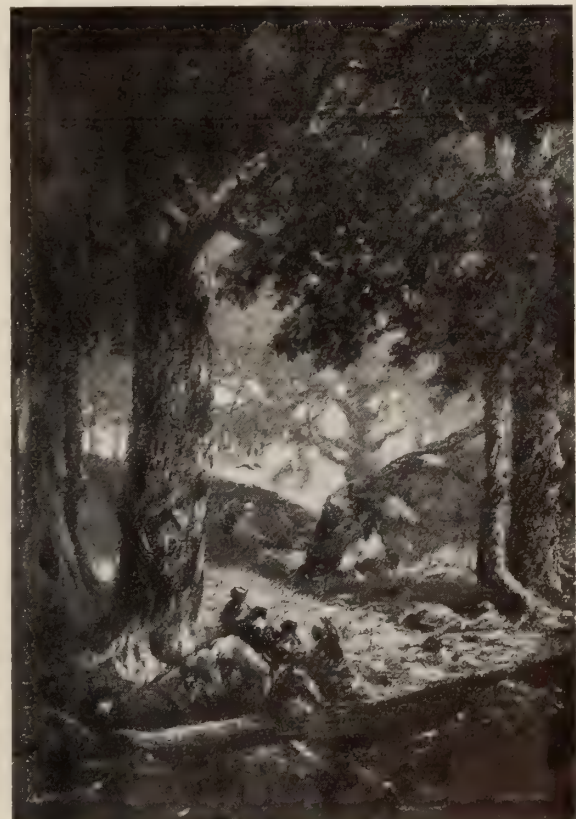
The Sorolla paintings, 300 in number, are now on view in Buffalo where they are the sensation of the season, as they were in New York earlier in the winter. Sorolla is an impressionist, his work appealing to everyone by his marvellous atmospheric effects and striking color combinations.

At the Women's International Art Club, London, E. C. Austen Brown has on exhibition a poetic bit of decorative work, low-toned, of "Grass of Parmassus and Wild Peppermint." Anna Firch, too an artist whose brush has dipped deeply into nature's secrets, has a number of canvases with wild flowers for their subjects. One of the leading art critics commenting upon the delicious graceful daintiness of the subjects, expressed a regret that wild flowers were so seldomly seen in collections of the best artists.

* * * * *

Use the pen! there's magic in it
Never let it lag behind,
Write thy thoughts—thy pen can write it
From the chaos of the mind.

* * * * *



NUT GATHERERS.

Homer Watson.

Toronto Camera Club

The sixth salon and eighteenth annual exhibition of the Toronto Camera Club, which opened at the new club-rooms, 2 Gould Street, on Feb. 22nd, was a most successful one.

The judges this year have been J. W. Beattie, O.S.A.; C. M. Manly, O.S.A., and J. Kennedy, and their selective discrimination has been unusually severe, out of 215 prints submitted only 82 finding a place on the walls. The result is that there is little for the critic to find fault with in the individual prints, either in point of technique or expression.

Toned bromides have by far the largest showing. Some magnificent gum prints are shown, but almost without exception in lamp black. One may be tempted to ask why the splendid possibilities of such pigments as burnt umber or venetian red have been neglected.

Platinum is represented by only four prints, and the incomparably soft richness of the carbon process is not represented at all.

Two most excellent figure subjects are represented in Mr. M. O. Hammond's "Evensong" and "Nature's Sweet Restorer," by W. H. Moss. An interior by MacTavish's entitled "The Chapel, Trappist, Monastery, Oka," is an admirable achievement. Another line which might be pursued with profit is the rendering of scenery of the awe-inspiring kind, rushing rapids, waterfalls with their subtle nuances of light and shade playing, across the face of the fall itself, or in the foam-flecked waters of the pool below, or the towering grandeur of mountains.

The salon is almost entirely the work of Toronto photographers. P. L. Tait of Edmonton sends two of the four platinum prints, "Western Waters" and "An Alberta Slough," both marked by delicate half-tones and pellucid reflections.

Miss Ethel Baynes-Reed of Brockville, sent seven small brown prints, which show fine detail and careful composition.

"Isabel" and "Betty," two etherial platinum portrait studies by J. P. Hodgins, are spirituelle to a degree.

R. W. Magee is to be commended for his courage in attempting ideal subjects. He shows eight prints, three of them gum-bichromate. Two are studies in the nude, "Grief" and "Despair," the former showing a transparency in the shadows truly remarkable, considering the medium used, which is simply lamp-black pigment. "The Crescent," another gum print, shows fine poetic imagination, recalling in some degree Sir Frederick Leighton's "Paolo and Francesca." It is the most notable picture in the salon.

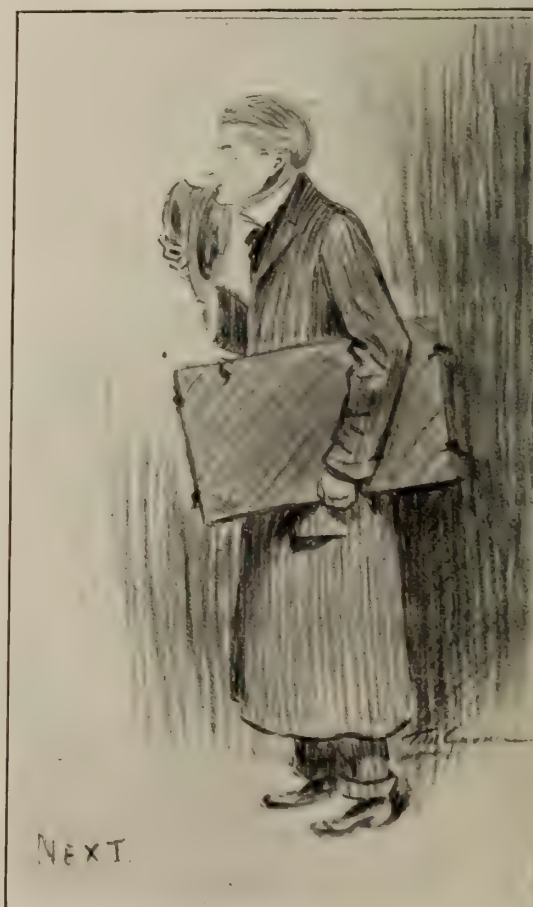
Alfred Robinson's genre study "The Lumber Jack's Wash Day" is admirable conceived and spiritedly executed. Another excellent genre study is Edwin T.

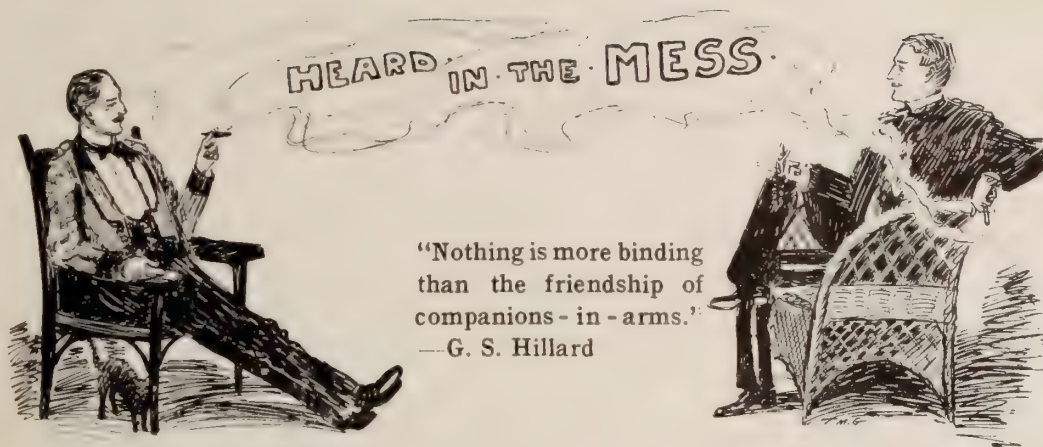
Haynes' "A Letter from Home," a camp fire scene. The lighting is decidedly clever.

J. H. Ames has some fine work, of which "The Pool," "The Old Beech Tree" and "A Misty Morning" are the best examples.

* * * * *

On March 30th there was held at Henderson's Art Gallery a sale of paintings in oil, water color and Raffaelli, of French, Dutch, Spanish, Italian and Canadian subjects the work of Mrs. M. E. Dignam. These pictures were on view on Saturday and Monday before the sale, when large crowds gathered to see the work. Mrs. Dignam's pictures are not often seen here except in her own studio or at the Women's Art Association of which she was founder and has been President for twenty-two years. She has exhibited, however, abroad, England, Holland, and France attesting to her skill as an artist of the first rank. Mrs. Dignam is particularly well known in Holland, where she is in close touch with the Dutch school and numbers amongst her friends the celebrated artists of Europe. As a result of this friendship, local art lovers were given an opportunity of seeing some of the best work of the Dutch artists at the Women's Art Galleries in December last. It is not too much to say that much of Mrs. Dignam's work rivals that of the great masters under whom she has studied. In the dainty, vibrating light, mysterious mists, luminous skies, and water colors, with their subtle shades of tone in purple, green and blue, and the daring sincerity of the oils the master hand is plainly seen.





Major F. A. Fleming, of the Governor General Body Guards, Toronto, is to be Lieutenant Colonel to succeed Lieutenant Colonel W. Hamilton Merritt, who has completed his tenure of command. R. D. Warwick has been appointed Provisional Lieutenant in the same Regiment.

Lieutenant W. A. Peace, "Royal Grenadiers," has resigned.

The retirement is announced of Provisional Lieutenant W. C. C. MacKenzie of the "Queen's Own".

Major W. W. Pope, "Argyle Light Infantry," has retired, retaining rank. J. C. R. Fitzgerald has been appointed Provisional Lieutenant in the 19th. In the Oxford Rifles P. C. Abell has been appointed Provisional Lieutenant, and Provisional Lieutenant M. Nesbitt has retired.

The following have been appointed Provisional Lieutenants in the 29th Regiment:—W. M. Burnitt, J. L. Easton, G. Mesener, H. C. Bliss, T. H. Williams and H. G. Morrow.

Captain A. E. Cowan of the "Simcoe Foresters" has been granted the brevet rank of Major.

Lieutenant G. C. Morris of the 32nd Regiment has resigned.

Captain R. Raikes, medical officer of the "Simcoe Foresters," has been granted the rank of Major.

Captain A. J. MacKenzie of the 48th has obtained a certificate in equitation.

Lieutenant J. S. Dunlop of the 38th Regiment has obtained a certificate in signalling.

Thirteen officers of the 101st Regiment have qualified for Captains' certificates and eighteen for Subalterns, also ten sergeants and sixteen corporals have been granted. To all appearances the 101st means business.

The latest orders issued from headquarters, Ottawa, contain the following in reference to musketry markers:

In order to avoid withdrawing non-commissioned officers and men of the active militia from their other duties in camp, and to use to the full time available for their military training, all musketry markers, and register keepers required at the annual camps of training will, so far as possible, be furnished by the permanent force. Officers commanding commands

will take measures to ensure a sufficient number of men from the permanent units within their commands are trained for this duty. The usual rate of extra duty pay for this work, viz., 25 cents per diem, may be drawn for each man while so employed.

It is reported that another record in military gunnery has been made by the Home Fleet. The principal figure in the exploit is Able Seaman and Gunlayer S. Jones, who, firing during the Gunlayers' Test, succeeded in hitting the target fifteen times in fifteen rounds, in the short space of 55 secs. This is at the rate of 16.4 hits per minute.



2nd QUEEN'S OWN RIFLES OF CANADA
Quebec, 1908.

UNDER FIRE.

May—"There were several army officers there, but not one of them asked me to dance."

Belle—"And they are accustomed to the smell of powder, too!"—Judge, New York.

THE LAMB AMONG WOLVES.

"Millie," said the young man, as he slipped the engagement ring on her finger, "have you told your mother about this?"

"Oh, you innocent!" exclaimed Miss Millie. "Why, Clarence, mamma knew it six months before you did!"

MUSIC

"Music is nothing else but wild sounds civilized into time and tune."—Thomas Fuller.

The concert given last month by the Toronto Symphony Orchestra was the supreme triumph of the season, and attracted the largest audience that the organization ever played before. The programme opened with Beethoven's Symphony in C minor, the superb rendering of which equalled that of the great foreign orchestra. The development of this orchestra, in three seasons, to its present degree of excellence, is simply marvellous, and under Mr. Welsman, its able leader, Toronto now has an orchestra quite the equal of its celebrated choirs. Mr. Welsman's interpretation of the symphony was dignified and elegant, his players revealing splendid technique and producing a tone full and sonorous. Their greatest achievement, however, and the greatest test of their ability, was their accompanying of Mischa Elman in the Tschaikowski concerto in D major, when they displayed perfect symphony with the soloist. Mr. Elman's performance of this work was listened to with rapt attention by the ultra musical, as the work had been so strongly denounced by some of the greatest violinists, but as played by Elman,—the elasticity of his bowing, the well marked rhythm, the exuberance and abandon was astounding and excited the audience to a furore of applause. In the Cadenza the virtuoso displayed a tremendous surge of temperament, and evoked such demonstration as is rarely called forth. As encore numbers he gave, "Ave Marie," Schubert and the "Preslied" from Wagner's "Meistersinger." The audience then listened to the symphonic poem, "Finlandia" by Sibelius, which was given a most brilliant rendering. On the whole the concert was the musical triumph of the season.

The friends of Miss Janet Duff, the Scotch contralto, whose luscious voice has, on several occasions, charmed those who heard her, will be a visitor in Toronto for the Easter holidays, and will sing at a concert in Guild Hall. Mr. Harold Jarvis, the tenor, and Mr. John McLinden, the celebrated cellist, appear on the same programme.

Much sympathy is being expressed for the marriageable young people of the Mendelssohn Choir since it has become known that their trip to England has again been indefinitely postponed, it being well known that there are numerous English lords-lonely, and more numerous English maids-disconsolate, anxiously awaiting the arrival of the choir before settling down for better or for worse, they having been told, and really believing, that the Canadian choir is composed of the "pick" of the country. If the English must have the best there is, let them wait.

We reproduce on this page the photograph of Mr. H. C. Cox, Chairman of the Committee of Manage-



H. C. COX.

ment of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra. Toronto owes this Committee a debt of gratitude for bringing to the city such an eminent artist as Mischa Elman, the violinist. Not only was his visit an education for the members of the orchestra, but for the citizens in general.

The recital given at the Conservatory of Music by Mr. Ernest J. Seitz, one of Dr. Vogt's most brilliant pupils, was a most enjoyable one. Though only sixteen years old Mr. Seitz is recognized as one of the best local pianists and is contemplating a lengthy visit abroad. His programme consisted of numbers by Beethoven, Chopin, Moszkowski, Schubert-Tausig and Strauss-Schutt.



PLAY TITLES TRAVESTIED.

No. 2.—"Girls."

A LADY VIOLINIST.

Miss Hall, the popular violinist, whose playing has taken the musical world by storm, unlike so many musical celebrities, is of English birth, her father being well known as a harpist in Bristol. As quite a tiny mite Miss Hall played with her father in the streets of the Western City, but when she was fourteen she was sent by some generous friends to London, to study for a couple of years under Professor Kruse, and then to the Conservatoire at Prague, where her master was Sevcik, under whom Kubelik also studied.

WHIMS OF FAMOUS MASTERS.

Chopin, unlike most musical geniuses, was a late riser. He practised so long at the piano, with his back unsupported, that his spine was permanently injured. He never composed except when seated at the piano, and he always had the lights turned out when he was improvising. A public audience unnerved him to such an extent that he could not properly interpret the music before him. Seated in the midst of a small select circle, he easily extemporized and improvised. He "talked" to his piano whenever he was melancholy. He thought more of his man-servant and his cat than he did of his intimate friends. Chopin had a superstitious dread of the figure seven, and would not live in a house bearing that number, nor start upon a journey on that date.

Haydn arrayed himself at breakfast in full court dress—sword, wig, lace ruff and silver buckles. He said that he could never write so well as when a massive diamond ring, which the Emperor of Austria had given to him, was on his finger. The paper on which he wrote must be of superfine quality, and of the most exquisite whiteness. Many times his innate love for practical joking got the better of him. One night in church he cut off the queue of one of the other chorister's wigs. For this offence he was expelled.

Gluck often had his servants carry his piano out to the lawn. His finest inspirations came to him when playing in the garden. Several bottles of champagne were placed conveniently near him. His theory was that bright sunshine was favorable to inspiration, and he always worked in it when possible. Gluck was fifty years old before he wrote an opera of any renown.

Wagner had his tomb made in the garden of his house, so that at any moment he could visit it. He sometimes insisted on having his guests inspect this sepulchre, and at the dinner table he took singular delight in descanting on the subject of death.

Schubert was marvellously regular in his attention to composition. When he was composing his features worked, his eyes flashed, and his limbs twitched. This unnatural excitement held complete control of him until the fever of composition passed away. He seldom made alterations in his score.

Liszt smoked large black cigars. When giving lessons he walked up and down the room, muttering to himself, and emitting volumes of smoke by way of accompaniment to his remarks. He smoked constantly while he worked.—The Scrap Book.

The accompanying portrait is that of Mr. Arthur Blight, Canada's leading baritone. Mr. Blight is not only known as one of the best singers, but is widely known as one of the best teachers, pupils coming from



ARTHUR BLIGHT.

great distances to place their voices under his care and painstaking guidance. Mr. Blight has filled successfully the best church positions in the city and has had numerous tempting offers from larger fields. As a concert singer he is ever in demand, his large class making it impossible to accept the many requests for his services. Mr. Blight studied with Signor Tesseman, Mme. Julie Wyman and Wm. Shakespeare, London.

COMING ATTRACTIONS AT THE MASSEY HALL.

- April 9—The Redemption.
- " 12—The Festival of the Lilies.
- " 13—Heny, under the auspices of the Canadian Club.
- " 15—The Dresden Philharmonic Orchestra.
- " 16—Dr. Grenfell—Labrador Explorer.
- " 19—Marie Hall.
- " 22—Miss Edith Miller, English soprano.

"I learned to play the fiddle at the age of five," said an amateur violinist. "Wonderful!" exclaimed a friend. "And how old were you when you forgot how to play?"

Ad M. Foerster, the Pittsburg composer, at times takes his musical knowledge too seriously. For instance, the other morning, while playing over some manuscript at his home, he heard a voice outside shouting "G Major! G Major! G Major!" As he was playing in C major, and thought he knew his keys with positive certainty, he wondered who could be at hand to prompt or instruct, so he went to the door. There he beheld a driver admonishing his horse with exclamations of "Gee, Major!" and the laugh was on Foerster.



CANADIAN ATHLETICS.

An article in an evening paper of recent date has suggested a few remarks, which, we believe, may prove timely. We find that a Toronto pastor, a former athlete, and still prominently connected with athletics, has conceived the design of having a church built largely from the subscriptions of lovers of athletics. The little incident has merely led us to question ourselves as to whether Canadians are drawing from athletics full interest for the capital of time, money, and physical energy that is being invested therein. The writer has been in a position to observe closely the trend of our athletic affairs for several years. He has enjoyed and enjoys a personal acquaintance with some of the best athletes Canada has of late produced. He has, moreover, been able to watch very closely the rising generation and its attitude towards athletics and feels justified in making a few remarks thereon.

And let us say quite frankly and plainly that we believe out-door pastimes are beginning to take, nay have already taken, a somewhat dangerous turn. We do not refer to the spread of professionalism alone. That is a very obvious stain upon our athletic world. A few years ago, baseball alone had been contaminated by this very undesirable method of conducting our games. But now hockey, lacrosse, football, rowing, and running have all fallen a prey to the money-getting craze. Cricket alone, of games commonly followed, remains immaculate. And cricket, with Canadians, is an acquired taste. But in addition to this professionalism, we find developing more and more the desire to follow athletics merely with a view of winning. And all other considerations are tending to become subservient to this end. Our eyes are gradually being closed to the real purpose of athletic contests, the development of manly strength, fortitude, perseverance, skill, and, above all, that considerate and courteous regard for one's rival which ought to be the aim and honor of every genuine athlete. We wish that men of the type of the Rev. Mr. Morrow would make much of the fact that mere winning is only a secondary consideration in comparison with the development of these other qualities. We feel more than pleased at the interest shown in this phase of our life by such institutions as our Young Men's Christian Associations, with their admirable Boys' Clubs. We hope that the instructors here, the teachers in our schools, and all in authority where these contests are engaged in will drive out of the boys' minds the seemingly growing impression that we must win at all costs. May Canada and her athletes never present such a lamentable

sight as that offered by our cousins to the south during the Olympic games of a year ago.

Now that April has come patrons of the old game of cricket are beginning to organize for the coming season, and a few meetings have already been held.

The meeting of the Canadian Cricket Association, was held at the Russell in Ottawa on March 27th. The international matches were the chief subjects of consideration, it being decided to have the match against the United States played in Montreal, the matter of dates, etc., to be arranged later.

The following officers were elected:

Hon. President—His Excellency Earl Grey.

President—Mr. Hal B. McGiverin, M.P.

Vice-Presidents—Dr. W. E. Dean, Toronto; Dean Moyse, of McGill University, Montreal.

Hon. Secretary-Treasurer—Mr. W. C. Baber, Montreal.

The committee, consisting of a member of each club, will be selected by the respective associations at their annual meetings.

The annual meeting of the Rosedale Cricket Club was held in the latter part of March.

The team had a very successful time during 1908, going through their season in the Toronto Cricket League with the splendid record of seven wins and one drawn game, thus winning the championship. In all sixteen games were played, resulting in nine victories, five losses, and two drawn games.

The bat presented by John Massey, the Hon. Vice-president, for the best bowling average, was won by H. G. Wookey, with the splendid average of 5.44 for 48 wickets.

The President's bat for the highest batting average was won by H. S. Reid, with an average of 16.09 for 15 innings.

Germantown, Philadelphia, and Haverford College cricketers, and the Gentlemen of Ireland are all slated to visit Toronto during the coming summer.

COULDN'T BE TAKEN IN.

Isaacstein, the ruralist, was in search of a horse.

"I've got the very thing you want," said Bill Lennox, the stableman; "a thorough-going road-horse, five years old, sound as a quail, \$175, cash down, and he goes ten miles without stopping."

Isaacstein threw his hands skyward.

"Not for me," he said; "not for me. I vouldn't gif you five cends for him. I live eight miles out in de gountry, and I'd haf to walk back two miles."

FLYING: THE SPORT AND TRAVEL OF THE NEAR FUTURE.

A little over a year ago the art of flying by the aid of a machine "heavier than air" was an experiment—a dream so ambitious that its practical accomplishment seemed yet a long way off, if ever possible. In the United States the brothers Wright were reported to have succeeded, but their proceedings were so secret and so wrapped in mystery that their extraordinary feats were generally discredited. In France Henry Farman (an Englishman, and an old racing cyclist) was experimenting, and, after travelling a few yards in the air, gradually increased his flight until, in November, 1907, on the new Champ de Mars at Issy, a suburb of Paris, I had the good fortune to be present when he flew over half a mile. How Farman, a little later, won the Archdeacon prize by being the first to fly over one kilometre is now history. All this was very wonderful at the time, although, compared with present-day flights, it seems mere child's play.

These bold experiments brought the brothers Wright to the scratch, and their work of years began to bear fruit. The first flight they accomplished was as far back as December 17, 1903, when a flight of 300 yards in 59 seconds is reported to have been made; nearly two years later (October 5, 1905) the first great flight in the world's history is claimed, about 25 miles in 38 minutes 3 seconds, but lacks public evidence. This, if correct, proved their machine was practical, and, finding a financial backer, Wilbur Wright brought his aeroplane to Europe and continued his experiments, first at Issy, Paris, then at Le Mans, when he inaugurated a new phase in the world's travel. His flights grew longer and loftier, and more daring. Meanwhile he was studying every minute detail—shape, size, weight, area of the plane, the exact manipulation required to produce certain results—and the outcome was the great flight on October 10, 1908, when he was in the air 1 hour 9 minutes 45.25 seconds, covering over 70 kilometres, the first time in the world a man had remained in the air in a machine heavier than that element for an hour. Then came the performance which set the seal on his fame. On December 18 he flew for 1 hour 54 minutes 22.35 seconds, covering according to the strict official measurement, 99 kilometres—say, nearly 62 miles. As a matter of fact, the distance was nearer 120 kilometres, or 75 miles, so that he might have crossed the Channel three times. He also soared to the height of over 350 feet.

To look at the machine, it seems impossible that it could float in space. It is $12\frac{1}{2}$ metres long—say, 41 feet—the planes are about 7 or 8 feet wide, and some 20 feet in front are the smaller planes, by manipulating which the rise and fall are regulated. There are two seats on the front of the main platform to the left of the engine—primitive affairs with a simple bar for the feet. The engine is of 28 h. p.; four cylinders drive right and left a couple of two-bladed screws about 6 feet long. The whole affair weighs about 900 lb., or, with two passengers, about half a ton. Were it not for actual proof, it seems incredible

that this mass of canvas, rods, and cross-bars could not only leave the ground, but "ride" through the air.

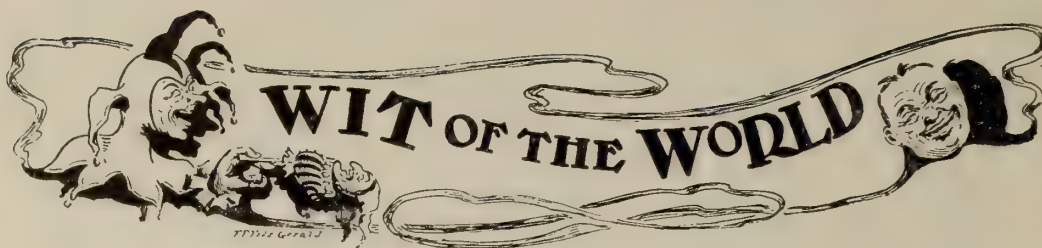
Rival constructors have nearly all come round to the—without joke—Wright scheme of construction. This was manifest at the First International Exposition Aeronautique held in the Grand Palais, Paris, December 23-30, 1908, although there were minor variations. The *Féber IX.*, or *Legrance*, was one of the earliest fliers, and made several records at Rome, Milan, and Paris. On September 20 *Legrance* drove it 32 kilometres. The most practical "flight" tour of all, although the distance was not so great, was by Farman on October 30, 1908, when he flew from Mourmelon to Reims, about 27 kilometres, nearly 17 miles, in about 17 minutes, flying over trees and houses, generally at a height of over 200 feet, creating wonder and astonishment as he passed over the country. It was the first point-to-point flight as a practical demonstration of the power to travel from place to place by aeroplane. M. Bleriot, of lamp flame, is spending a fortune on aeroplanes, having had nearly 20 built, ringing the changes on design, the latest being very much on the lines of an immense dragon-fly. On one of these latest a flight was made from Toury to Artenay, 14 kilometres ($18\frac{3}{4}$ miles), in 11 minutes. The Ader, Rep, Antoinette, and others have made practical flights, and given proof that a new era in locomotion has already dawned. It is no longer a "dream" or speculation; it is here, says Mr. Hewitt Griffen, in *T. P.'s Weekly*. The problem has been solved, and in less than five years cars in the air will create less surprise than motor-cars did on the road a dozen years ago.

The annual general meeting of the Church and Mercantile League, Toronto, was held on March 30th. In the season 1908 St. Augustine, winner of the eastern section, won the championship by defeating Dovercourt, winners of the west.

Bats were presented to the individual champions as follows: W. McCaffrey, St. Paul's, for batting, and Theo Prince S. Cyprians for bowling. Officers were elected as follows: Hon. President, His Lordship, Bishop of Toronto; President, A. L. Eastmure, Esq.; Vice-President, Rev. E. A. Vesey; Secretary-Treasurer T. P. Wood. Committee—Messrs. Yetman, Grace Church, Hill, St. Paul's, and Melcher, West Toronto.

The constitution of the Ontario Association was read and after discussion, the same was endorsed and it was decided to send representatives to the meeting.

It is told of a well-known college professor in Montreal, who is notably fond of horses, and who has been off-duty for several days, (presumably suffering from an attack of la grippe), that he was out riding one day when his valuable horse became suddenly ill. The professor went in haste to a veterinary surgeon who handed him a powder of enormous dimensions and instructed him to place the powder in a roll of paper, adjust it in the horse's mouth and blow. The horse, being high-spirited, became impatient and blew first. Result as above.



A FIRE AS A SOCIAL FUNCTION.

The regular reporter was off duty when the alarm was sounded, so the young lady who does the society news was given the assignment. An hour later she turned in the following:

"Quite a number of people in this part of the city attended a fire last night at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Blank in Thirteenth Street. Some went in carriages and buggies, but a majority walked. The alarm was sounded about 9.30, and many who attended the fire had just returned from church, consequently they were already dressed for the occasion.

"Mr. Blank was not at home, being out of the city on business, hence the affair will be quite a surprise to him when he returns. Mrs. Blank wore a light percale kimono and had her hair done up in kid curlers.

"The firemen responded readily and worked heroically to subdue the seething flames. Most of them were young and fairly good-looking. They were dressed in oilcloth coats, cut short, with trousers to match. Their hat rims were narrow in front and broad behind, and sagged down in the rear. The chief's hat was ornamented with an octagonal brass spike, which stuck up above his head like a horn, giving him the appearance of a unicorn.

"When the flames broke out through the second story and cast a lurid hue over the surrounding buildings the view was one never to be forgotten. At a late hour the sightseers went home, and all felt that they had passed an evening full of interest and excitement.—Nebraska (Kans.) Sun.

SELF-CONVICTED.

An English gentleman was writing a letter in a coffee-house, and, perceiving an Irishman stationed behind him reading it, said nothing, but finished his letter in these words:

"I would write more, but a big, tall Irishman is reading over my shoulder everything that I write."

"You lie, you scoundrel!" said the self-convicted Hibernian.

ONE FOR THE IRISHMAN.

A native-born American member of a party of four business men who often lunched together, took great delight in joking the others on their foreign birth.

"It's all very well for you fellows to talk about what we need in this country," he said, "but when you come to think of it, you're really only intruders. Not one of you was born here. You're welcome to this country, of course, but you really oughtn't to

forget what you owe us natives who open our doors to you."

"Maybe," said an Irishman in the party thoughtfully. "Maybe. But there's one thing you seem to forget: I came into this country wid me fare paid an' me clothes on me back. Can you say the same?"

THE USUAL TREATMENT.

"Look at that boy," I exclaimed.

Sherlock Holmes' keen gaze followed my own.

The urchin now sketched in pencil on the drawing-room wall. Now he carved his name on the piano.

Anon, laughing lightly, he spilled milk on a Louis Seize fauteuil.

"In heaven's name ——" I cried.

"Calm yourself, my dear Watson," Sherlock Holmes interposed. "There is no need for interference here. Do you not understand? That villa has been rented furnished for the season!"

Little Willie—"Granddad, what makes a man always give a woman a diamond engagement ring?"

Grandfather—"The woman!"



Parson—(writing a certificate at a christening and trying to recall the date), "Let me see, this is the thirteenth?"

Indignant Mother—"The thirteenth! Indade and its only the eleventh."

A "FAIR MAIDEN" OF THE SNOWS.

(English translation.)

These lines are by Ovide Frechette, a cousin of the poet of that name and Spanish Consul at Quebec, and were written many years ago. They prove that Rudyard Kipling's "My Lady of the Snows," was by no means an isolated definition of Canada.

Fair Canada a maiden sweet,
As though with roses at her feet,
Stands half reluctant, cold but fair,
The gleaming snowflakes in her hair;
Behind her stream in frosty nights
Her ribbons of the northern lights;
Her cape the wind flows free and far,
T'is fastened to the polar star,
The Pleides are diamonds fair
With which she pins her streaming hair,
And there with frost kissed cheeks of rose,
Stands the fair maiden of the snows.

ESPAÑOL.

Hermoso Canada ! Doncella Bella,
Con rosas espercidas alrededor de Ella,
Se queda medio repugnante, fria, bella,
Companillas blancas en su cabello ;
Detras de ella echa rayos en noches helados
Sus Cintas movidas por vientos Estacios ;
El Viento Esta splando su cap hasta la mar,
Que parece figada a la Estrella potar,
Sas pleiddes son diamantes brillantesy bellos,
Con que fija los rayos de su cabellos,
Yalli con carrillos helados de rosa
Esta la doncilla blanca hermosa.

We shall be greatly indebted if our subscribers will show a copy of "The Canadian Arena" to their many friends who may not have seen it. We also wish to thank our large circle of readers in Ontario who have already done so and enlisted so many new subscribers for us. As we cannot personally call and see those who would doubtless readily subscribe were they asked, we should like a number of residents in the different centres to do so on our behalf. If they will drop a postal to the manager he will be only too pleased to hear from them.

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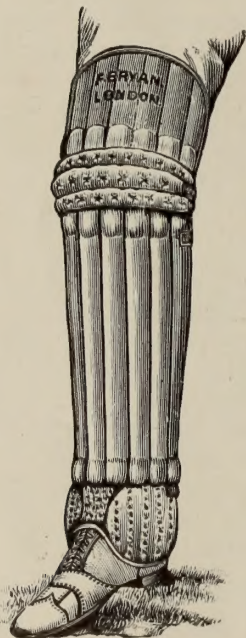
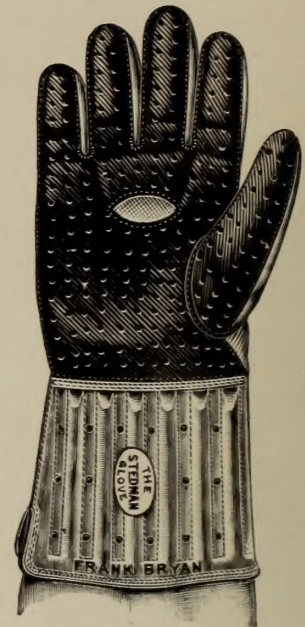
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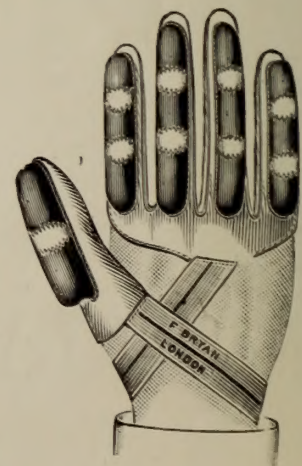
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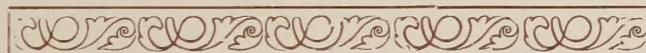
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